

THE LEISURE HOUR

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"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



THE MEETING AT PORT OCKERY.

LAURA LOFT.

A TALE OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY MRS. PROSSER.

CHAPTER XX.—A SENSIBLE SPEECH.

DR. VALETTE was standing with his hands clasped under his coat tails, in the market-square of Port Ockery, reading a notice posted against the wall. He was roused from the fit of brown study it had thrown him into by the rattle of wheels close by,

and the gentle touch of a whip on his shoulders. He turned round and saw Mr. Peckchaff and Laura in the pony carriage, which John was driving. At first he did not recognise them, and when he did, did not remember, in the least, that he had been the means of bringing them there. As to Laura, he looked fixedly at her before he could recall who she was, and where he had seen her.

Mr. Peckchaff, from the seat behind, said, "I hope I didn't hurt you, doctor! We thought our-

selves happy in finding you so soon, and were afraid you might get off to another patient before we got hold of you."

Slowly the truth came to him, and he walked up to the front of the carriage, patted the pony, and asked John where he had borrowed his hat. Then, offering his hand to Laura, he said, "Just in the nick of time! Look here!" pointing to the wall.

Laura was still really weak and did not like to leave the carriage, except for the house, in which she could rest. "I think, Dr. Valette, we had better drive on to your house, and then"—she began, in a tone of remonstrance.

"My house!" he cried, "it's all in a mess; no room. I was in the middle of unpacking a mummy—my own, a present from a particular friend—when our mayor chose to faint, and they sent for me to know why he did it!"

Laura looked rather staggered, and Mr. Peckchaff, interposing, reminded him that Miss Loft, his patient, had been ill and was weak, and that he had insisted on her coming to Port Ockery to see him.

"Till? oh, but she was well before I left her. I told her so, and she must always believe her doctor. Come on, then, and we'll finish the mummy. Such a fine one! he's in the passage. I couldn't make room for him in the parlour, and I was afraid, if I took him into the kitchen, he'd steal John's hat. Drive on, John; you know the house, don't you?"

John's face was as fixed in expression as the mummy's, and about as agreeable. He took the whip back from his master's hand, and inwardly resolving that nothing should induce him to go farther than the door, prepared to drive down the High Street to the doctor's house. But Laura, who was displeased that her acceptance of the invitation should be treated so cavalierly, said to her uncle, "We have seen Dr. Valette; he dismisses me as a patient, and if he has no room in his house for a mummy, I am sure he cannot find room for us."

"Come out!" said the doctor, vehemently;—"stop man!—I want you to come to a lecture, just coming off, on 'Social Science.' I'll put you on the platform and you shall speak. I only wish I could set up my mummy there. Wouldn't he a 'tale unfold' about what women were in his day, and show that they were just the same then as now, the plagues of the creation!"

Laura, who had reluctantly prepared to alight, now drew back, and looked quite as firm as John, on the point of having no more to do with the doctor than she could help. But he did not, or would not, see her intention to retreat as soon as possible; he held by the carriage and put out his hand, and would take no denial.

In vain Mr. Peckchaff remonstrated: his niece was not equal to the exertion. In vain Laura assured him she preferred returning home immediately; he told her she was as hard to get out of her case as his mummy, and persevered till she was standing by his side on the pavement. Leaving Mr. Peckchaff and John to dispose of themselves and the carriage, he took her up to the wall and desired her to read the notice. Notwithstanding her fatigue and disgust at being forced from her expressed will, she could not help reading the notice with such interest that she almost forgave him for his strange behaviour.

"To begin at three o'clock. Good! We'll go to dinner; then we'll go to the meeting; then I'll show you the mummy, and my new instrument to measure

specific gravities, and my new propeller, which is a thing to be remembered—isn't it, John?"

John looked miserable; he had a moment before rejoiced in the order from Laura to turn the pony's head homewards, and now he was to go to the scene of loss and destruction and horror! He gave a rueful look at his master, who had dismounted, and was standing by the doctor and his niece.

"Go to the Golden Horseshoe, John, and put her up for an hour," said Mr. Peckchaff, "and be there ready to take us up at that time."

Joyfully John obeyed, and never did a customer enter the yard of Port Ockery's chief inn with greater glee.

Mr. Peckchaff was surprised, knowing that he lived in the High Street, when the doctor took Laura in the same direction which John had taken, and the pony had not been long in the stable before its owner, the lady, and their host were in the best room of the Golden Horseshoe waiting for dinner.

Mr. Peckchaff was sorry, he said, that the doctor had invited them, as his house was so full, and begged him to consider himself as his guest, since they were compelled to resort to the inn.

"What! pay the bill?" exclaimed the doctor. "Pooh! what signifies who pays it? we are better off here than if I had a house to take you to; I might be called away any moment there; here I'm safe."

The conversation being very lively and the dinner good, Laura's spirits rose, and her temper subsided. The doctor, indeed, treated her sometimes as a child; but, on the whole, she felt that she was not low in his esteem, and his esteem was worth having!

The Golden Horseshoe was full that day; several parties who had come from a distance to attend the meeting were there, and in the adjoining room voices were heard in animated debate.

"Keep the door shut," said the doctor to the waiter, "and tell those people not to be so noisy; we want to hear ourselves talk, not them!"

The waiter, who knew the doctor well, and, like every one in Port Ockery, was glad to have anything to do for or with him, told him, with a grin, that "the parties, being ladies, he couldn't mention his wishes."

"Are they speakers for the meeting?" he asked.

The waiter thought it possible. "One looked very like a speaker."

"They both sound like speakers. But surely the walls must be very thin, for they do not seem to be loud voices," said Laura.

Dinner over, the doctor led the way to the meeting, which was to be held in the old town-hall. They arrived in good time, but there was much work going on on the platform, where some ladies seemed exceedingly busy, and some gentlemen were looking as if rather out of their element, and rather wondering how they got there. The room was soon thronged; all Port Ockery seemed to have assembled except a few elderly ladies, who were so disgusted and dismayed at the revolution in prospect by means of women ignorant of their work, their place, and, in fact, of their whole duty, that they would rather have gone to the House of Correction for a month than have set foot in such a place to countenance such disgraceful proceedings. If they had had the free and full use of the doctor's propeller, heartily would the assembly have had the benefit of it.

It was well, Mr. Peckchaff thought, as he sat

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patiently to hear what would be advanced, that his wife had determined at once, and without a moment's change of purpose, not to accompany them to Port Ockery.

"No, Walter, that man may suit Laura—I think he does; and you can put up with him out of kindness for her, but I wouldn't go near his nasty house, which, John says, is enough to poison a cat to look at, much more to smell, on any account; not if I thought him a nice sort of man, and liked him; which I don't, and never should, nor could!"

It was well that this was her resolve, he thought, for how would she have borne to be present in that place? and how would she have kept from joining in the debate, and sentencing all the members of it and abettors of the cause in a way more summary and decided than reasonable or polite?

His reflections were cut short by the chairman, a gentleman of considerable importance in Port Ockery. He lived in one of the substantial villas in its suburbs, and was regarded as an authority in most matters. He introduced a discussion on a paper by a lady writer, who advocated an education for girls that should place them on a level with boys, and make the women of the next generation equal to the men in acquired, as they assuredly were in natural, power.

"Humph!" said the doctor, but no one noticed him.

He continued, much to Laura's annoyance, to ejaculate when anything struck him as deserving it. But at length a gentleman arose, and declared that the private schools in the country were utterly worthless, and that the teachers and mistresses knew nothing.

"May the body corporate bring an action against him for that!" said the doctor to Laura, loud enough to be heard on the platform.

But the chairman, who knew the voice, allowed it to pass.

Then came a long defence of the paper under consideration by a lady, who, sensibly enough, admitted its weak points, while she took up the strong ones successfully. She maintained that it was not schools that were solely to bear the blame. Girls turned out of "finishing schools" as "finished," were, indeed, but too often poor examples of "perfect;" but it was not so much the want of an education as the want of power to apply it, that was to be deplored. The defect in the teaching was the aimless character of it, which, too surely, issued in failure. Girls were made to give so much time to music and drawing, so much to this and that, as if music and drawing and a mere bowing acquaintance with literature and scientific subjects were all that they were to carry home. In many cases more was learned in schools than ought to be expected from the variety of demands upon the time allowed there; but when a girl went home a proficient in what are called "accomplishments," or top-heavy with knowledge, what, too often, happened? The so-called accomplishments were by degrees neglected and forgotten, and the philosophy made its owner a bookworm, and a burden—instead of a help to her mother—and a bore to her associates, through her superiority to them and their pursuits. Let a schoolmistress look on every girl committed to her as an embryo wife and mother and mistress, as a being who must influence the next generation for good or evil, and whose culture of body, soul, and spirit is for eternity, and it will

be different. The girl will learn her own responsibility, she will see it, and as she does so she will increasingly endeavour to work with her mistress in the formation of habits and tastes, and in the improvement of her peculiar talents as one who is to carry into practice all she has and all she is acquiring. The well-educated girl is one who has learned to live for others, and to spend abundantly what she has received liberally or gained laboriously. As the soldier receives arms, not to wear them as ornaments nor to let them rust by his side, so she uses her powers, not for idle show nor to waste in indolent neglect, but to do the work for which they were entrusted to her, and to be a blessing to her kind. When girls are so trained we may look for wives like Lady William Russell, mothers—

A slight movement disturbed the doctor at this point of the speaker's address, to which he was listening very approvingly. Laura had become so pale and trembled so violently that her uncle became alarmed.

"I think my niece will have to go out," he said; "she is not well, look at her!"

The doctor did look; he took a pinch of snuff from his waistcoat pocket, where he kept it loose, and put it under her nose. She sneezed, and the sudden shock aroused her.

"Make way, friends!" said the doctor; "we must have this well-educated lady out, or she will spoil your meeting; and my mummy couldn't have said anything more to the purpose than the speech this pale face has interrupted."

The company, all of whom knew him more or less, made way, and Laura was supported through the crowd by her uncle, followed by the doctor.

"I am better; quite able to go home; the air will do me good," she said, as she leaned on her uncle's arm, outside the building.

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor, looking at her; "was it the speech or the heat, or what?"

She replied that she ought not to have ventured into the meeting, and was sorry she had done it, and would go and wait at the inn while the pony was being harnessed.

"Go to the inn and wait till I come," said the doctor, feeling her pulse. "Now remember, if you are subject to these things, you have only to carry a little snuff in your pocket, a pinch will bring you to in no time."

Mr. Peckchaff was very sorry for his niece, who was evidently suffering, and told the doctor he must allow them to return at once, and begged to say good-by then and there.

"Pooh! nonsense!" said the doctor; "I want to go back and ask that sensible woman if she'll take a pupil or two for me, and turn them out such blessings as she describes. Ah! such a girl as *that*, now; why she'd beat your ennerite in value, and even my mummy! I wish my old woman, who plagues me to death, had been at her school."

Laura drew her uncle onward, and he said, "Good-by, doctor; we hope to see you at Rosemary Hill."

The doctor made no reply, but turned back to the hall, and Mr. Peckchaff, glad to see that the colour was rising again in Laura's cheek, walked slowly with her to the Golden Horseshoe.

"Please, sir," said the waiter, "did you leave Dr. Valette at the meeting?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Peckchaff.

"Then he must be fetched; he is particularly wanted," said the waiter, going to find a messenger; but no one could be found. The Golden Horseshoe boasted of no supernumeraries, and the waiter could not leave his work to look out of doors for one.

Laura, as she lay on the sofa, heard him open the door of the next room, and say, "Is it a very bad case, ma'am? I can't find any one to take the note, and I am not able to go; so, if the party can wait—"

The reply was not audible, but the waiter seemed to be in a state of great perplexity. Mr. Peckchaff looked hesitatingly at Laura: "I don't like to leave you, my dear," he said; "but, shall I take it? or will you wait while John runs there? It will not delay us long."

Laura assented, though reluctantly, and John, still more reluctantly, took a note for the doctor, which he meant to leave at the door for him in the hope he would get it.

He was back in the yard of the Golden Horseshoe with a celerity that would have surprised and charmed his mistress, and hugged himself in the prospect of a speedy escape from the enemy. But just as he was driving out of the yard to the inn door, the doctor came up, and catching the rein, turned the pony's head, saying, "Back! and don't come out till you are called for! Why, you look blacker than your old hat!" he continued, much diverted with his expression. "Don't take it to heart. Here's a shilling; go to the meeting and bring me a true and faithful account of all that's said, and I'll give you another."

John never took a shilling with less pleasure; but, reflecting that it would go towards the hat, he put it in his pocket, and turned into the yard again, treating the promise of another shilling with the contempt he thought it deserved.

"So, where's the man, woman, or child that ferreted me out of my hole?" said the doctor to the waiter.

"A lady, sir, in No. 11," answered the waiter.

"Oh, good; lock her in. I must see to 'No. 1' first; bring in some good coffee to me and my company; and don't say anything about the note till I ring for you."

Laura shut her eyes and turned her face away, and plainly showed her vexation when she heard his voice. Mr. Peckchaff, who was afraid his wife would blame him for indecision when she heard the history of the day, stood irresolute in the middle of the room as he entered it. But the doctor was as gay as midsummer in its roses; he poured out a stream of compliments to the wise woman of the meeting, and dwelt on her charming sentiments with enthusiasm, entirely forgetting the lady in No. 11, and his patient on the sofa, and even his dear mummy! Putting himself in her attitude as nearly as he could, and imitating her voice so well that Mr. Peckchaff, and even Laura, could not help smiling, he went on, "Let girls be fitted for their duty in life; above all, let them have the knowledge of domestic duties, and the conduct of a home! If, while men are expected to provide the means of subsistence, women are to be studying transcendental philosophy, or singing like syrens, and drawing like Michael Angelos, the men, poor things, would not have very satisfactory homes to go to! Why! she's as good as the Queen of Sheba! She saw the truly wise and proclaimed it. I tell you I am in love over again! not with your ennerinite or my mummy—

but with this paragon of women. They tell me she is a married lady, and that her husband is alive and won't spare her, or I should have hopped on to the platform and made her an offer on the spot!"

The entrance of coffee turned his thoughts in another direction. "Is she safe?" he asked the waiter, alluding to No. 11 and its prisoner.

The waiter nodded with a demure grin.

"Has she had anything since she came?"

"No, sir."

"And been here two hours and a half?"

"Yes, sir."

"Shame on me for a man! The learned lecturer's girls would have known better! Go and give her my compliments, and invite her to take coffee with us. Say, 'with a select party;' and I will talk to her about her note when we have done, and, perhaps, take her with us to see the mummy."

The waiter departed with his message, and the doctor began, with great activity, to do the honours of the table.

THE ARAB FELLAHHEEN OF PALESTINE: WHO ARE THEY?

I.

IT is impossible to live for any length of time, as the writer has done, in the Holy Land without being struck by the diverse character of its present inhabitants—that is to say, of the settled population, not including the annual pilgrims. In the various towns the inhabitants are more or less of various and of mixed race. In Jerusalem we find Jews, Moslems, and Christians of different sects and races. But all over the land in the rural districts the observer is met by the fact that in this small country are collected together people of various and distinct races as well as of diverse creeds.*

Not now to dwell upon the peculiarities that distinguish from each other Samaritans, Maronites, and Druses, we pass on to the general rural population of Palestine, called Syrian or Arab, or, as by themselves, Fellahheen, i.e., "tillers of the soil."

They do not, properly speaking, form a nation. There is among them neither coherency nor spirit of patriotism. Just as the wild Bedaween are divided into distinct and generally hostile tribes, so the peasantry (Fellahheen) are divided into clans governed by their respective sheikhs. They speak a common language, they possess a common religion; their manners and customs are generally the same all over the country. Yet of national unity there is absolutely none. They never combine for any purpose excepting when occasionally some clans aid each other in their faction fights. They are all classed, it is true, under the two great divisions of Yemeny

* Dr. Porter, in "Murray's Handbook of Syria and Palestine," well remarks upon the so-called Arab population of Syria (p. xxxix.) "The modern inhabitants of Syria and Palestine are a mixed race, made up of the descendants of the ancient Syrians, who occupied the country in the early days of Christianity, and of the Arabians who came in with the armies of the Khalifs and settled in the cities and villages. The number of the latter being comparatively small, the mixture of blood did not visibly change the type of the ancient people. This may be seen by a comparison of the Christians with the Mohammedans—the former are undoubtedly of pure Syrian descent, while the latter are more or less mixed; and yet there is no visible distinction between the two classes, save what dress makes. Every one, however, can at a glance distinguish the Jew, the Turk, or the Armenian, each of whom is of a different race." If this be so in the towns where the invading Arabs mostly settled, how much purer and less mixed must be the rural population, who have had scarce any admixture of Arab blood, or indeed of any foreign race whatever.

and Kais, wearing white or red as the badge of these parties; but even then there is nothing among them approaching to the co-operation of patriots as a nation, ready and willing to join hand in hand for the mother country. The Turkish government well understand this important fact and take it into practical account in their method of ruling the land. This state of things is in itself enough to explain in great measure the backward condition of the people at large. They have no national life. Every district lives in and for itself, and wages its own petty wars with its neighbours, but has neither interests nor action in common with any other.

The people of the various districts, moreover, differ considerably from each other, in outward appearance, in character, and in speech. They resemble each other just so far as to indicate descent from a common stock. They differ as the fragments of a nation may which has been broken up at an extremely remote period into distinct and hostile clans. All are Fellahheen, and yet all are apart from each other, independent and commonly at enmity.

Though they have with each other no national cohesion, the Fellahh Arab clans cleave to the land with the tenacity of aboriginal inhabitants. No clan has for a long time overpassed the boundaries of its own district, and they show no disposition to do so. The gradual decrease of population, moreover, renders it unnecessary for them to extend the limits of their territory. They cling to the hills and the plains where their fathers lived and died. Nothing but the strong arm of government can ever induce a Fellahh to quit his native village, and this only for compulsory service in the army. From the moment that he finds himself drawn by lot under the rules of the conscription, his one idea is how soon he may contrive to get back again.

Who, then, are these people?

History does not tell us. In the learned work on Palestine (as it has been from the Christian era till our own day), recently published by Mr. Besant and Professor Palmer, they mention the rural population at the time of the first crusade as being of unknown origin. "But as to the villagers, the people who tilled the ground, the occupants of the soil, we know nothing of what race they were. It was four hundred years since the country had ceased to be Christian [if the rural population ever was Christian], it is hardly to be expected that the villagers were anything but Mohammedan. William of Tyre expressly calls them Infidels or Saracens, and they were certainly hostile. No Christian could travel across the country unless as one of a formidable party; and the labourers refused to cultivate the ground in hopes of starving the Christians out."*

We are thus left to seek the truth by examining such data as can be collected, and by putting together all indications, however slight. This seems to be the only means of finding an answer to the question, "Who are the Arab Fellahheen?"

On account of the debased state of ignorance in which this people live, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to gather from themselves material for a proper construction of their history. Yet something might be done in this way by resident inquirers, who should be familiar with their language and habits.

Some light is also thrown on these dark passages of history by still existing customs and practices,

many of which are identical with those of the early Canaanites. Something may also be gleaned from the language which they speak. Though this is Arabic, it differs in dialect from the Bedawy Arabic, and almost every district has some variations, whether in words peculiar to itself or methods of pronunciation. How long has this language been spoken in Palestine?

Above all, the proper names, especially those which are attached to ancient sites, are well worthy of examination and of comparison, both as to their forms and as to their signification.

To enter fully upon these points would require time and a very thorough acquaintance with the language. We must hope that patient investigators may be found competent and willing to deal with this most interesting subject in all its branches.

In the meantime there are two important facts before us. The one that Palestine is occupied by a settled population whose origin is unknown, and of whom no one has ventured to say when they first took possession of the land. While bearing all the marks of an ancient if not of an aboriginal population, there is neither history nor record to tell us when they arrived in the land; there is no tradition or trace of their having been immigrants; at any rate, since the Moslem conquest in the seventh century. (We are speaking of the rural population, not of the townspeople, many of whom came into the country with Mohammed's successors.) Their very name in Arabic, "Fellahheen" (ploughmen or husbandmen), points to their having been always regarded as sons of the soil, and they have been in possession, so to speak, from time immemorial.

The second great fact is, that in Holy Scripture we read of an aboriginal population having inhabited Palestine almost from the deluge downwards, some of whom were indeed destroyed by the Israelites, but of whom a large proportion were afterwards exempted by God himself from the original doom of destruction. (Joshua xxiii. 13; Numbers xxxiii. 55; Judges ii. 1—7, 21—23.) "I also will not henceforth drive out any from before them of the nations which Joshua left when he died." The remaining nations continued in existence as recognised and distinct clans or nations throughout the whole period of Old Testament history, and indeed of the Jewish people down to the Christian era. The books of the Apocrypha and Josephus enable us to show that Canaanites existed until then.

Though subjugated and brought under tribute by the Israelites, they had never been absorbed into the Jewish nation. They were suffered to preserve an existence more or less separate from that of their rulers, and not only were they permitted to carry on during long periods the rites of their idolatrous religions, but too often the dominant people of Israel were ensnared into adopting those rites in defiance of the entreaties and the warnings of their prophets. Even after the return from Babylon so many Israelites had married heathen of the land that it took their rulers two whole months to examine into and dissolve those marriages (Ezra vi. 21, and x. 15—17). The prayer and confession of Ezra on this—the *sin* that drove Israel into captivity out of the promised land—is most pathetic. Afterwards Nehemiah complains that the languages of their heathen masters were spoken by the children who *could not understand* the Jews' tongue.

There is neither record nor probability of the

* "Jerusalem; the City of Herod and of Saladin," p. 201.

expulsion of this aboriginal population at any period subsequent to the Old Testament and Jewish history. We have, then, down to the Christian era, a rural population in Palestine which was neither annihilated nor expelled, so far as we know, at any subsequent period. The Holy Land never was entirely depopulated, whether after the Chaldean, or the Roman, or any subsequent conquest. Nowhere do we find any record of a complete and absolute abandonment of the country; successive conquerors always found some tillers of the soil, some inhabitants of the villages. And who so likely to remain in the land in spite of all vicissitudes as the aboriginal nations who had already clung for above two thousand years to the birthplace of their ancestors?

In many respects the present race agrees well with what we know of the former people. Can we doubt that they are one and the same? Is it not reasonable that the two facts should meet each other? That the Canaanites of antiquity, and the so-called *Arab Fellahheen*, should be identically the same? The one race is found on precisely the same place and at the same time where we lose sight of the other. History is only silent because at that time of transition Palestine had no historian. The Jewish writers ceased with Josephus. Arab writers did not arise till after seven centuries. And the few glimpses we get from Christian or Jewish writers in this interval confirm our opinion.

If our view be accepted as founded in reason and worthy of examination, every little circumstance recorded in ancient history, sacred or profane, about the Canaanites, every trait, custom, or tradition of the modern *Fellahheen*, becomes valuable and interesting in a high degree. The *Fellahheen* are called Arabs, it is true, and they do speak the Arabic language. That language is no less interesting in its structure than in its history and in its extreme antiquity.

But no one imagines that because these people speak Arabic, therefore they come of Bedawy stock, or are descended from a once nomad tribe of "Arabs of the Arabs," who, forsaking the freedom of desert life, settled down as mere tillers of the soil among mountains or in the confined space of Judean valleys. The physiognomy and manners of the *Fellahheen* contradict such an idea, no less than does the character of the Bedaween, who cannot brook confinement within city walls or the stifling atmosphere of village huts or houses. The wild tribes despise the ploughman and hold his occupation in contempt. When compelled to enter for a few hours within the gates of a city, they stuff their nostrils with cotton wool to keep out as much as possible of the polluted atmosphere. Nothing will induce a Bedawy to sleep in a town, or under the roof of a house, if he can escape into the open air. He may possibly be persuaded to attempt cultivation of the soil, but there is no instance on record of his forsaking the desert for village life.

The Bedawy contempt for *Fellahheen* is summed up in a proverb current among them, which declares the Bedaween to be "the lords of the world," while "the *Fellahheen* are the asses of the world," *i.e.*, the drudges, the brutish, the despised, and the ill-treated. It is in the highest degree improbable that the *Fellahheen* have descended from ancestors who were anything but what they themselves still are, village people, born tillers of the ground.

Then as to their present profession of Mohammedanism there is little or no difficulty. The transition from heathenism to nominal Mohammedanism has always been an easy matter. And there is no reason for supposing that the mass of the rural population in Palestine ever were Christians. Just as the Canaanites retained their heathenism during the Jewish empire, may the rural districts have remained but slightly, if at all, affected by the Christianity which had only taken tolerably deep root in the principal towns, and in a few of the larger villages. The great bulk of the people may always have been, as in fact they still are, heathen. In the rapid conquest of Palestine made by the Caliph Omar and his successors, there was no attempt at driving out the then population. In Palestine, as in Africa and in other lands subdued by the Arabs, acceptance of Islam or the payment of tribute secured the population in peaceable possession of their own country, and provided the new converts conformed outwardly, very little acquaintance with the doctrines of Mohammed was ever required of them. These Palestine *Fellahheen* would have had very little difficulty in accepting a religion which, as far as they were concerned, consisted in the confession that Mohammed was the Prophet of God, while it left them free to live as heretofore, and to practise their ancient superstition, short only of actual worship of idols. Be it remembered that idol worship must have been checked, though not quite extinguished, during the Jewish empire. Although Israel did at times fall into grievous idolatry, yet there were periods of reform and of vigorous repression. After the return from Babylon the rulers of the Jews were especially watchful against any relapse into the sin which had led to their exile, and it is reasonable to suppose that even among the remaining heathen the grosser forms of idolatry were restrained, and the practice of their rites diminished, if not wholly abolished.

There is, therefore, no difficulty on the score of habit, custom, or religion in our way. None of all these need prevent us from regarding the *Fellahheen* as being relics of the ancient Canaanites. Neither does it seem to us that the fact of their speaking the Arabic language offers any difficulty. But this is a part of the subject that would occupy too much time for discussion on the present occasion.

Let us now turn to early history and collect from the Bible such indications as are therein contained with reference to the localities occupied by the several Canaanitish nations in the Holy Land. Bearing in mind the fact that these several nations had definite and fixed territory, which they occupied in Old Testament times, and remembering the tenacity with which the *Fellahheen* cleave to their own several districts, we may assume that if the Canaanites and the *Fellahheen* are identical it would be reasonable to expect the relics of the ancient nations to be found occupying the same territory now that they occupied originally; unless, indeed, there may have been any disturbing cause which wholly or partially displaced the ancient inhabitants of a district.

In Genesis xv. 18-21 are given the names of ten nations then in occupation of the land promised to Abraham and his descendants, which was bounded by the Great Sea and by the River Euphrates.

Of these nations five are easily identified with five of the descendants of Ham and his son Canaan, as

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given in Genesis x. 15—19. The firstborn of Canaan, Sidon and his children, appear to be called in Genesis xv. emphatically "the Canaanite;" while the Hittite, Jebusite, Amorite, and Girgashite, are the same in both lists.

The Hivite of Gen. x. may perhaps, for reasons to be stated presently, be identified with the Kenite of Abraham's list in Gen. xv. The remaining four on Abraham's list, the Kenizzite, the Kadmonite, Perizzite, and the Rephaim, cannot be identified with the other sons of Canaan in Gen. xv., and may have been branches, springing out of the six families already named. If so, however, there are five sons of Canaan mentioned in Gen. x. whose descendants were not included among the "Amorites" who were to be dispossessed by the seed of Abraham. Hamath and Arvad we know lie to the north and outside of the Promised Land, and the Arkite, Sinite, and Zemarite may likewise have been excluded therefrom.

We will then turn our attention to the ten nations on the list given to Abraham. Five of these we can trace as existing during the whole period of Old Testament history. Their names are given in Ezra ix. 1, Canaanites, Hittites, Perizzites, Jebusites, Amorites, and it is of these five nations that we have been more particularly speaking as in all probability still forming the rural population of Palestine. The other five disappear in later times from the list as originally given. Thus the Kadmonites and the Kenizzites are not even mentioned by Moses as existing at all in his own day. The Kadmonites may have been, as suggested by a learned friend, the nation destroyed in Sodom and Gomorrah, the inhabitants of the district now covered by the "Kadmonite" or "former" sea (see Ezekiel xlvii. 8; Joel ii. 20; Zech. xiv. 8).

There is just the identity of name as a clue to their fate, but we have none to guide us in any conjecture as to what became of the Kenizzites. It may be that they had been compelled to emigrate, for in Leviticus xviii. 25, it is said that "the land itself vomiteth out her inhabitants." Moses does not mention them at all after Gen. xv. They would seem to have disappeared before his death, for he expressly counts the nations of Canaan as being *seven* in his day, "seven nations greater and mightier than thou" (Deut. vii. 1), whose names he mentions. He here also omits the Rephaim, who appear to have then existed no longer as a nation. The word Rephaim is in several passages of our authorised version translated "giants." Thus, in Deut. iii. 11, "only Og the king of Bashan remained of the remnant of the giants," or Rephaim. So in a previous chapter, Deut. ii. 10—20, where the territory of Moab and Ammon is said to have been formerly the land of the "giants," or Rephaim, who were called Emims and Zamzummims in the Moab and Ammon district. The Anakim, the gigantic people who occupied the Hebron district (Num. xiii. 22, 28, 33; Deut. ii. 10, 11, 21; ix. 2), are said by Moses to have also been "Rephaim." In Deut. ii. 11, he says that the Emims were accounted "giants" (Rephaim), as the Anakim, and describes both them and the Zamzummims as having had the extraordinary physical stature of the Anakim (see Amos ii. 9). Caleb in Joshua's time destroyed the Anak chiefs, and occupied their possession in Hebron (see Josh. xiii. 3, xiv. 6—15, and xv. 13—15; and also Judges i. 10).

But it is especially stated that at this time some of the Anakim escaped destruction, namely, those in

the Philistine district who lived in Gaza, Gath, and Ashdod (Josh. xi. 22). Here the race lingered on till the time of David, when the last survivors, Goliath and his family, were called Philistines. Yet they had not entirely lost their ancient names, for in 2 Sam. xxi. 22, and 1 Chron. xx. 4, we find the word "giant" (Rapha) as their distinctive appellation, and Rapha is but the singular of Raphaim.

It would lead us too far to enter now upon the history of the Philistine nation, those immigrants from Caphtor who, partly at least (see Josh. xiii. 3), destroyed the Canaanite Avim and occupied their territory (see Deut. ii. 23, compared with Gen. x. 14; 1 Chron. i. 12; Jeremiah xlvii. 4; and Amos ix. 7). They were of the progeny of Ham, though not descended from Canaan, an escaped remnant from Africa, and who are afterwards given over to Edom (see Amos i. 6—8; Ezek. xxv. 15—17, etc.) That the Anakim should find shelter with them as being a kindred race is perfectly in keeping with Oriental usage. Joshua did not destroy the Philistines who were not among the "seven" Canaanitish nations, but who were allowed still to occupy the south-eastern corner of the Promised Land, and to be on many different occasions a source of trouble to the Israelites. It was possibly owing to the covenant between Abraham and Isaac and the Philistine king, that Israel did not attack them. But later the Philistines appear to have broken the league of friendship. With regard, however, to the Rephaim settlers in the Philistine territory, it is remarkable that to this day the Arab Fellahheen of Bait Jibrin are men of unusual stature. No one can look at the sheikh of that village (Bait Jibrin), Sheikh Musleh el Azaze, without being reminded of the "tall" children of Anak, and of Goliath of Gath and his kinsfolk. Gath must have stood very near to Bait Jibrin, and an allusion to the ancient giant race lingers in this very name. Bait, "the house of," Jibreen, "giants," formerly called Beth Gabra.

In connection with this subject, it is interesting to notice the giant strength which God gave to Samson for use here in this district of mighty men, as if to fit him to cope with men who inherited extraordinary physical powers. Yet David vanquished Goliath by simple skill, nerved by strong-hearted faith, having no special physical strength to aid him. The contrast is instructive, but we must return to our original subject.

Besides the Kadmonites, Kenizzites, and Rephaim, there was a fourth nation which had disappeared between the time of the grant to Abraham and the revocation by God of the doom of destruction which he had pronounced against the Canaanites (Judges ii. 20—23, iii. 1—6). These are the Girgashites. Their name occurs in Deut. vii. 1, among the "seven nations" then existing, but it is omitted in xx. 17, where Moses repeats the command to utterly destroy the Canaanites. It occurs for the last time in Joshua xxiv. 11. In the absence of all information as to the fate of this nation, the idea arises whether they (as perhaps the Kenizzites before them) may have emigrated before the Israelites took possession of all the Promised Land. They are mentioned in Deut. vii. among those who were to be "cast out." An emigration of this kind northward, westward, or eastward, would throw light upon some vexed questions as to heathen remains, nomenclature of ancient sites, and the earlier mythology. There was ample time between the passage of the Red Sea and the

passage of the Jordan for the Canaanites to move, and the people of Jericho cannot have been the only people who had heard with terror and dismay of Israel's approach, of the drying up of the Red Sea, and of the destruction of their powerful neighbours Sihon and Og on the east side of Jordan, and it may be that some preferred emigration to submission, being aware that resistance would be hopeless.

It is distinctly said that the land did itself vomit out its inhabitants, and God had promised to send the hornet to drive out the nations before Israel (Ex. xxiii. 28). This promise was repeated (Deut. vii. 20) after the conquest of Sihon and Og, and in Joshua xxiv. 12 it is said that God had thus by the hornet driven out two kings of the Amorites. May these not have been the Kenizzites and Perizzites? Joshua expressly says that the two nations were not driven out with the sword or with the bow of Israel (compare Exod. xv. 12-16; Ps. xlv. 3; Ps. lxxviii. 55).

JOHN KEAST LORD, F.Z.S.

FOR many years the readers of the "Leisure Hour" had the advantage of frequent papers from John Keast Lord. His loss will long be felt by many, not as a writer so much as a genial companion and wise friend. Since Edward Forbes, the death of no naturalist caused more general and heartfelt regret. The two men were in many things alike—in varied and accurate knowledge, in simple and unobtrusive modesty, in kind and unselfish disposition—a combination of character not often conspicuous in scientific men, but in Lord, as in Forbes, forming a charm which bound all who knew them in affectionate attachment.

We had no heart at the time to say anything about him in these pages, and now, in presenting his portrait, we attempt no new description of the man or his works, but adopt the brief memoir which came warm from the heart of his friend, Mr. Frank Buckland, who thus wrote in "Land and Water" a few days after his death, Dec. 9, 1872, of "the late John Keast Lord."

It is with the most heartfelt and genuine sorrow (says Mr. Buckland) that I have written the above words. "I look at them again—"The late"! Sad, very sad! Poor dear fellow! A sad gap has occurred in our ranks—

"Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."

Lord's intimate friends have indeed reason to mourn his loss. Natural history will greatly miss a deep sincere expositor of her truths and intricate problems, while the public will no longer reap the benefit of the experience and knowledge of this great traveller and practical naturalist.

My first meeting with Lord was this. In July, 1863, I attended an entertainment at the Egyptian Hall, entitled, "The Canoe, the Rifle, and the Axe." The lecture was full of the highest interest. It was illustrated by well-drawn designs of wild American scenery, and a table by the side was crowded with American trophies. The lecturer was a fine, tall, big-shouldered Englishman, with a great black beard, a handsome, intelligent face, a bold, open, fearless-looking forehead and eyes, that seemed to have concentrated the acuteness and perception of

the wild Red Man with the sagacity of a semi-savage fur-trader; while the bright light of education showed that although he wore the dress of a North American trapper, yet he was still a true, noble English gentleman. This, then, was J. K. Lord. I was so much struck with the lecturer, that I sent my card to him when the lecture was over; and this was the beginning of a most intimate friendship. I was at this time writing and doing my best for the "Field." I introduced Lord to my late friend John Crockford, Esq., editor of the "Field," and for a long time Lord and myself worked for the "Field," and many readers of that paper—who, I hope, still remain my friends—will, I am sure, hear with regret of the death of our good friend Lord. He was, indeed, a remarkable man. He was so unassuming, and so utterly devoid of "swagger," that although the facts peeped out in his writings, he rarely spoke about his personal history. I recollect on one evening we had my big maps down, and were talking about all sorts of things and places. "Old Lord" seemed to know all about them. At last some one in the company said, "Mr. Lord, pray excuse me, but where have you not been?"

Lord was born at Tavistock, in Devonshire. I know this, because the other day, when on duty, I met Mr. Stevens, an important official of the Tamar and Plym district, and he told me he had been at a grammar-school with Lord, and that as a boy he was distinguished by his good-nature, pluck, and daring.

I understand that Lord as a youth received a medical education at Bartholomew's Hospital, where he paid his special attention to practical and analytical chemistry. He then entered as a student at the London Veterinary College, and carried off all the honours there. The knowledge he acquired was of considerable use to him in after-life, as I shall presently show. Of his earlier career of course I do not know very much, but a mutual friend has referred me to the "Queen, the Lady's Newspaper," of July 25, 1863. At that time both Lord and myself were contributors to the "Queen." The memoir is ably written, and by some one who evidently knew him as a young man. We read:—"John Keast Lord descended from a race of sportsmen, and a restless love of wild life and adventure led him to visit British North America. We first see him clinging to the torn and shattered rigging of the storm-tossed ship driving before the sleet and rain on a dead lee shore, that shore the Island of Anticosta. A desperate swim for life, and the low, dreary, and inhospitable shore is reached with the loss of all save life. A few days' sojourn in the refuge-house, erected here for shipwrecked mariners, and we find him on board a Greenland whaler, staggering along under double-reefed topsails away on a whaling voyage.

"When next we meet it is on board an emigrant ship bound for Quebec. That fell destroyer cholera has spread its dark and shadowy wings: the dead and dying lay helplessly together; the sails flap lazily, for none are there to trim them, and as each night comes down on the doomed crew, a solitary boat, with two earnest, careworn men, one white, the other black, regularly leaves its side with a freight of dead; a shallow grave, a hasty prayer, and the boat returns with two living occupants; one is our friend John Keast Lord, the other a more than half-savage harpooner from some heathen island far away in the Polynesian group.

"Where we next meet our wanderer is on the deck

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of a lake steamer, with pack and rifle, on his way to the hunting grounds of the Far West. Hairbreadth escapes from Indian bullets, charging bear, and swamped canoe, troop by like scenes in a dream; winter and summer pass away; the maple-trees have

marrow-bones have been roasting at the fires; here come some other fellows with as much meat as their horses can carry. One of them is our wandering friend, with the largest beard and biggest rifle of the whole."



W. Lord

yielded up their sugar-bearing sap, and their searlet leaves have withered; the snows have fallen, have melted, and far over the wide seas come rumours of war, and England bares her strong right arm for the struggle; arsenals pour forth their deadly stores by shiploads, giant transports crowd the harbours, and the tramp and song of busy sailors sound from every deck. Surely we have seen that big, black-bearded fellow in the Osmanli uniform, who is superintending the embarkation of those artillery horses, on the Crimean coast before; yes, it is our wandering friend again without doubt.

"We are far away on the great plains of Minnesota. Buffaloes have been chased, hump, ribs, and

When the expedition to mark out the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, namely, the "British North American Boundary Commission," undertook their arduous task, Lord was appointed naturalist, but from what I have gathered from his conversations and writings, he was not only naturalist, but also—saving the scientific part of the expedition—one of the principal contributors to its success, so thoroughly was he acquainted with the contrivances and dodges necessary for camp life and dangers.

In 1867 he published "At Home in the Wilderness," by "The Wanderer" (Robert Hardwicke, 192, Piccadilly). His preface gives a general outline of the contents of the book:—"I am induced to offer

a few practical hints on the general details of travelling, trusting the suggestions I shall offer may prove of use to those who are disposed to venture into a distant country wherein wheels, steam, iron and macadamised roads are unknown luxuries, and in which, as a Yankee once said to me in reference to Southern Oregon, 'Stranger, you bet your bottom dollar a man has to keep his eyes skinned, his knife sharp, and his powder dry, or he'll hav' his har ris'd, sure as beaver medicine, if he travels thim parts.'" This book contains many most valuable hints to those who live at home in this country, and wish to make the best of the natural products and animals about them. In this book there are also many well-told stories of his adventures. How ever he managed to pilot a kicking herd of stubborn mules and mustangs across the wild passes of the Rocky Mountains, I cannot understand; but he tells us he placed confidence in the "Bell Mule." He also tells a most interesting story about how he and "old Auger-eye" came at a gallop to the rescue of some emigrants who were crossing the plains, they having been attacked by the Redskins. His kindness of heart and great pluck on this occasion were of great service to the poor emigrants.

The result of his official position in the Boundary Commission, the duty of which was to mark out the boundary-line from the coast to the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, was the publication of "The Naturalist in British Columbia" (2 vols. London: Bentley). He brought home with him from this expedition a very large collection of mammals, birds, insects, reptiles, fishes, shells, annelides, and diatomaceæ, collected in British Columbia and Vancouver Island. A catalogue is to be found in the above-mentioned book. The specimens themselves are in the British Museum.

But this is not the only collection which Mr. Lord has got together. He has been twice to Egypt and the Red Sea, having received orders from the Viceroy to explore some ancient mines and workings which were thought to be Roman, it being possible that modern appliances might be brought to bear, and that the mines might be reopened. This collection was carefully arranged and catalogued here in London by Lord. It was never exhibited to the English public, but was sent straight to Egypt, and I believe it is now in the palace of the Viceroy at Alexandria or Cairo. I well recollect that at the British Association, at Nottingham, Lord exhibited some very wonderful flint and other instruments which he had discovered deep down in these ancient mines, and if I recollect right he read a paper upon them. Arriving at Nottingham, Lord and I wandered about the town in search of lodgings, as the place was very crowded. At one hotel we were imperiously dismissed by a wave of the hand by a tall landlady who wore a most tremendously thick silk dress, which rustled as she moved about. Lord, who could face a troop of North American Red Indians, or a grisly bear on the Rocky Mountains, was terribly frightened at this "rustling landlady," as he called her, and bolted from the hotel. I afterwards met him in the streets still unhoused. He told me the nearest approach to a lodging he could get was "leave to perch all night upon a pole stuck out of a window." In the end, however, he fared well, for when we met at the train to return to London, Lord appeared with an unplucked goose in one hand and a big pork pie in the other. These he told

me were presents from a "landlady who did not rustle."

During his stay in Egypt Lord made some valuable observations on poisonous snakes, and he was a thorn in the side of the professional snake-charmer, for he discovered artificial horns stuck on to the head of a non-poisonous snake, and he found out that the mouth of a charmed cobra had been sewn up so that it could not bite. Seeing that Lord handled these snakes without being injured, the "charmers" gave out Lord had been born one of themselves, with a natural power like themselves over poisonous snakes. They therefore elected him a "Sheikh," an honour of which Lord was always very proud.

After he returned from his travels he became a regular contributor to "Land and Water," especially taking up the subject of Deep-Sea Fisheries, of which he knew both scientifically and practically as much as any man in England, and there is no doubt that he would have been the "right man in the right place" as an inspector of sea-fisheries.

He was one of the most industrious men I ever knew—always at work gardening, carpentering, or writing. He contributed a large number of able and valuable articles to "Land and Water," under the signature of "The Wanderer." Among the best may be considered his chapters on "Furs: How Trapped and Traded." His former practical knowledge as a trapper and trader with the Hudson's Bay Company enabled him to give the most interesting accounts of the habits of the wild fur animals, and also commercial value of the skins. For some time he acted as editor of this journal, and gave the greatest satisfaction to all concerned. He also wrote many good and able papers for the "Leisure Hour."

When the Brighton Aquarium was first instituted, the directors, to their honour, at once appointed Lord manager. While his health lasted, he worked day and night at the aquarium like a slave, always cheerful, never seeing difficulties, and arranging details with wonderful quickness and forethought. His health at last gave way; he retired from his duties for a short time. At this critical juncture of the history of the Brighton Aquarium, our mutual friend, Henry Lee, came to the rescue. He carried on the work his friend had begun, and giving up to the aquarium all his time and attention, and this, not only for the sake of the cause itself, but out of pure friendship to Lord, whom he always represented as his "superior officer," the "captain of the ship," which these two gentlemen have now managed to steer from difficult weather into the smooth waters of prosperity and decided success. Unable to bear inactivity, and being very anxious for the prosperity of the Brighton Aquarium, Lord returned to his duties—I am afraid too soon—even though requested by the directors, who thoroughly appreciated him, to recruit his health further. He died, literally "in harness," on Monday, December 9th, at the prime of life—his age was fifty-five—at Brighton.

In concluding this notice of John Keast Lord, I refrain from writing a laboured panegyric. Suffices it to say that the honour, integrity, and high character of this great traveller and naturalist gained for him among his intimate friends the title of "Dear old Lord," a title by which he will always be remembered—and long may his memory remain among us.

He was a man of rare powers of observation, of extensive knowledge, and persevering research. He was no mere speculative naturalist who developed

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theories for more intelligent wits to refute. His views on Natural History in every branch were marked by that sound sense which is almost obliterated in these days by the *ad captandum* sophists. Speaking of him as a friend, he was one of those rare men who do not know their own value. His studies were unostentatiously performed, and no public parade of scientific fancies sullied his repute. We shall miss him as a friend, we shall mourn him as a loss to science. Would that many who feign to study the works of nature, instead of affecting materialism, had learnt to read in all things the great goodness of God, as did John Keast Lord!

CURIOSITIES OF ST. PANCRAS.

BY JOHN TIMES.

THIS large and populous parish, the most extensive in Middlesex, being eighteen miles in circumference, presents us with one of the most remarkable instances of the growth or accretion of the metropolis. It was originally a solitary village "in the fields," one mile and a half from Holborn Bars. It has borne the name of St. Pancras from remote antiquity; for Pancras is no modern saint, nor on this spot alone do we find his name. "There are seven churches of St. Pancras in England, another in France, another in Giessen in Hesse Darmstadt, another, indeed many, in Italy, one celebrated church (St. John Lateran) in Rome itself." St. Pancras was a youthful Phrygian nobleman, who suffered death by decollation under the Emperor Diocletian. His story is very interesting, as told in a sixpenny tract, entitled, "The Life and Times of Saint Pancras," by Edward White, minister of St. Paul's Chapel; second edition, 1856. The materials for the saint's history are few; "but," says the tract, "when illuminated by some representation of the times, and by a picture of the scenes of the story, I think that we shall find our former indifference as to his name and memory will be exchanged for that compassionate affection without which it is impossible to contemplate the martyrdom of a noble and heroic youth, even through the long gloom of intervening centuries."

The church history of the parish is very copious, and before detailing it we shall refer to the site and extent. The parish contained in 1251 (about the time the city walls were repaired, by command of Henry III) only forty houses; in 1503 the church stood "all alone;" and in 1745 only three houses had been built near it. In 1766 the population was not 600; in 1801 it was 36,000; and there were in

	Houses.	Inhabitants.
1821	9,405	72,838
1841	15,658	129,969
1851	18,584	166,506
1861	21,928	198,882

It is the most populous parish in all England, the census of 1871 giving 221,594 persons: it includes one-third of the hamlet of Highgate, with the hamlets of Kentish Town, Battle Bridge, Camden Town, Somers Town, and Agar Town, to the foot of Gray's Inn Lane; also, "part of a house in Queen's Square" (Lysons), all Tottenham Court Road, and the streets east of Cleveland Street and Rathbone Place. St. Pancras workhouse often contains upwards of 1,200 inmates, equal to a large parish.

Stukeley affirmed the site of the old church to have been occupied by a Roman encampment (Cæsar's). of

which he has published a plan (*Itinerarium Curiosum*, 1758); and the neighbouring Brill of Somers Town Stukeley traces to a contraction of Bury Hill, or Burgh Hill, a Saxon name for a fortified place or an elevated site; following Camden in his illustration of the village of Brill, in Buckinghamshire. The ground named Battle Bridge is said to have been the site of a battle between Alfred and the Danes, but it is referred to a higher antiquity. Here, in 1842, was discovered a Roman inscription, which appears fully to justify the conjectures of Stukeley and other antiquaries, that the great battle between the Britons under Boadicea, and the Romans under Suetonius Paulinus, took place on this spot. The stone was found in use as the sill of a door. The inscription, which is much obliterated, bears distinctly the letters LEG. XX (the twentieth legion), one of the four which came into Britain in the reign of Claudius; the vexillation of this legion was in the army of Suetonius Paulinus, when he made that victorious stand in a fortified pass, with a forest in his rear, against the insurgent Britons. The position is described by Tacitus. Now, on the high ground above Battle Bridge there are vestiges of Roman works, and the tract of land to the north was formerly a forest. A sketch of the fragment of stone, discovered by Mr. E. B. Price, is given in the "Gentleman's Magazine for August, 1842." Thus, almost to the letter of Tacitus, the place of this memorable engagement seems, by the discovery of the above inscription, to be ascertained.

St. Pancras was a prebendal manor, and was included in the land granted by Ethelbert to the old metropolitan church of St. Paul; it was a parish before the Conquest, and is called St. Pancras in Domesday Book. Norden, in his "Speculum Britannicæ," describes it, in 1593, as standing "all alone, utterly forsaken, old and weather-beaten;" "yet about this structure have been many buildings decayed, leaving poor Pancras without companie or comfort." He describes the neighbourhood as "forsaken of all honest men, except upon devyne occasions," yet "visited by thieves who assemble there in the fields, not to pray, but to prey upon travellers on the great north roads, and many fall into their hands clothed that are glad to escape naked."

The present church is believed to be substantially the same with that which stood solitary in the wide fields that lay to the north of the Old Bourn, or Holborn, in Queen Elizabeth's days; but this was not the first, for in the thirteenth century the local antiquaries tell us of a visitation of the church of St. Pancras, and some part of the interior was of the Norman period, while there seems to be no doubt that the original establishment of a church on this site was in early Saxon times. Maximilian Misson says of St. John Lateran, at Rome: "This is the head and mother of all Christian churches, if you except that of St. Pancras, under Highgate, near London." Pancras was corrupted to *Pancræd* in Queen Elizabeth's time. The prebendary of St. Pancras was anciently confessor to the Bishop of London: in the list of confessors are Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester; Dr. Sherlock, and Archdeacon Paley. Lysons supposes it to have included the prebendal manor of Kentish Town, or Cantelows, which now constitutes a stall in St. Paul's cathedral. (Cantelows was anciently Kentestowne, where William Bruges, Garter King-at-arms in the reign of Henry v, had a

country house, at which he entertained the Emperor Sigismund.) The church has about seventy acres of land attached to it, which were demised in 1611 at £10 reserved rent; and being subsequently leased to William Agar, are now the site of *Agar Town*. In Domesday, Walter, a canon of St. Paul's, holds one hide at Pancras, which is supposed to form the freehold estate of Lord Somers, on which *Somers Town* was begun in 1786. Camden Town was begun in 1791, and was named (but indirectly) after William Camden, author of the *Britannia*, from whose residence, Camden Place, in Kent, Marquis Camden, the proprietor of the estate, derives his title.

The church and churchyard were long noted as the burial-place of Roman Catholics. "Of late," says Strype, "those of the Roman Catholic religion have affected to be buried here, and it has been assigned as a reason that prayer and mass are said daily in St. Peter's, at Rome, for their souls, as well as in a church dedicated to St. Pancras, in the south of France." In "Windham's Diary" we find another explanation of the choice: "While airing one day with Dr. Brooklesby, in passing and returning by St. Pancras Church, he (Dr. Johnson) fell into prayer and mentioned, upon Dr. Brooklesby inquiring why the Catholics chose that spot for their burial-place, that some Catholics in Queen Elizabeth's time had been burnt there." It is also understood that this church was the last whose bell tolled in England for mass, and in which any rites of the Roman Catholic religion were celebrated after the Reformation. The crosses, "*Requiescat in pace*," or the monogram "R. I. P." on the monuments and tombstones, are very frequent. At the beginning of the present century, the French clergy were buried here at the average rate of thirty a year. There is said to have been in the church a silver tomb, which was taken away at the time of the Commonwealth. The communion-plate, date 1638, discovered in 1848, is now again in use.

The church consisted of a nave and chancel, built of stones and flint, and a low tower with a bell-shaped roof. The edifice was reconstructed and enlarged by A. D. Gough, in 1848; the style adopted is Anglo-Norman. The old tower was removed and a new one built on the south side, and the west end, lengthened, has an enriched Norman porch, and a wheel window in the gable above. In the progress of the works were found Roman bricks, which supports Stukeley's opinion that the site was over a Roman encampment. There were also found a small altar-stone, early Norman capitals, an Early English piscina, and Tudor brickwork. Under the old tower is said to have been privately interred, in a grave fourteen feet deep, the body of Earl Ferrers, executed for murder, at Tyburn, in 1760; but, when the tower was removed, this questionable statement was not verified. Weever describes this as "a wondrous ancient monument, which, by tradition, was made to the memorie of the right honourable familie of the Greyes, and his lady, whose portraitures are upon the tombe." A few old memorials are preserved in the church. On the north wall, opposite the baptistry, is the Early Tudor Purbeck marble tomb, supposed of the Grey family, of Gray's Inn; there are recesses for brasses, removed, and neither dates nor arms remain. On the south-east wall is the marble tablet, with palette and pencils, to Samuel Cooper, the celebrated miniature painter, who taught the author of "*Hudibras*" to paint his wife, who was sister to Pope's mother; the arms on the tablet are those of Sir Edward Turner, Speaker

of the House of Commons in the reign of Charles II, at whose expense it is probable the monument was erected. In the chancel is the monument to Daniel Clarke, Esq., who had been master-cook to Queen Elizabeth. Many notable persons are interred here.

"In the burial-ground are deposited scions of the noble families of Abergavenny, Arundell, Barnewall, Calvert, Castlehaven, Clifford, Dillon, Fleming, Howard, Litchfield, Montagu, Rutland, Waldegrave, Wharton, and other distinguished persons. Here lies Lady Barbara Belaysse, whose father was grandnephew of the Lord Falconberg who married Cromwell's daughter. Among the illustrious foreigners interred here are Count Harlang; Louis Charles, Count de Herville, Mareschal of France; Philip, Count de Montlosier, Lieutenant-General in the French Army; Angelus Franciscus Talaru de Chalmaret, Bishop of Coutances, in Normandy; François Claude Amour, Marquis des Bouillé; Augustinus Renatus Ludovicus Le Mintier, Bishop and Count of Treguier; Alexandre, Marquis de Lire; Louis Claude Bigot de St. Croix, dernier Ministre de Louis XVI; Louise d'Esparbes, de Lussan, Comtesse de Polastron, Dame de Palais de la Reine de France; Louis André Grimaldi d'Antibes des Princes de Monaco, Evêque et Comte de Noyon, Pair de France; Jean François de la Marche, Bishop of Pol St. Leon; Henri, Marquis de l'Ostanges, Grand Seneschal de Quercy, and Field-Marshal of France; Baroness de Montalembert; Pascal de Paoli, the Corsican patriot, kinsman of the Bonapartes, and as such of the late Emperor of the French; Pasqualino Philip St. Martin, Comte de Front, the inscription on whose tomb is—'A foreign land preserves his ashes with respect.'

"Near the church-door is a headstone to William Woollett, the engraver, and his widow; it was restored a few years since. On the north side of the churchyard is an altar-tomb to William Godwin, author of 'Caleb Williams,' and his two wives, Mary Wolstoncroft Godwin and Mary Jane. Here, too, is a headstone to John Walker, author of the 'Pronouncing Dictionary.' Here, also, were buried Abraham Woodhead, reputed by some the author of 'The Whole Duty of Man;' and near him his friend, Obadiah Walker; Dr. Grebe, editor of the 'Septuagint;' Jeremy Collier, who wrote against the immorality of the stage in the time of Dryden; Lewis Theobald, the editor of Shakespeare; Lady Henrietta Beard, daughter of an Earl of Waldegrave, widow of Lord Edward Herbert, and wife of Beard, the singer; S. F. Ravenet, the engraver; Arthur Richard Dillon (of Lord Dillon's family), Bishop of Evreux, Archbishop of Narbonne, and President of the States of Languedoc; the Chevalier D'Eon, of epicene notoriety; Packer, the comedian, who is said to have performed 4,852 times. And here rests Father Arthur O'Leary, to whom Earl Moira erected a monument, repaired by public subscription" ("Curiosities of London," new edition, 1868).

In the "Beauties of England and Wales," it is stated that twenty-three acres of land belong to the church, though it is not known by whom bequeathed.

In the Midland Railway Extension Works, many bodies in the burial-ground were disturbed, and an adjoining piece of ground was consecrated for their reinterment.

The rapid increase of the population of St. Pancras soon called for church extension, the noblest instance of which was the erection of a large church designed

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by Messrs. Inwood, in Euston Road, the first stone being laid by the Duke of York, July 1, 1819. The body of the church is from the Erechtheum, dedicated to Minerva Polias and Pandrosus, at Athens; and the steeple, 168 feet high, is from the Athenian Tower of the Winds, with a cross in lieu of the Triton and wand—symbols of the wind in the original. The clock dials are but $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter, though at the height of 100 feet, and therefore are much too small. The western front of the church has a fine portico of six columns, with richly sculptured voluted capitals; beneath are three enriched doorways, from those of the Erechtheum, and exquisite in detail. Towards the east end are lateral porticos, each supported by colossal statues of females, on a plinth, in which are entrances to the catacombs beneath the church, to contain two thousand coffins: each of the figures bear an ewer in one hand, and rests the other on an inverted torch, the emblem of death. These figures are of terra-cotta, formed in pieces, and cemented round cast-iron pillars, which in reality support the entablature. The figures are ill executed, as may be seen by reference to the original Caryatides from the Pandrosion in the Elgin collection in the British Museum. The St. Pancras copies, and other artificial stone details for the church, were executed by Rossi, and cost £5,400. The eastern front varies from the ancient temple in having a semicircular termination, with terra-cotta imitations of old Greek tiles. The pulpit and reading-desk are made from the trunk of the Fairlop oak in Hainault Forest, blown down in 1820. The fine organ was originally built for the Town-hall at Birmingham, and cost nearly £2,000. The cost of the church was £76,679, exceeding the cost of seven of Wren's most expensive churches. To describe the numerous churches and chapels would greatly exceed our limits, as would the increase of schools, mostly attached to new churches; besides institutions connected with great local improvement.*

The cemetery of St. Pancras, eighty-seven acres, being the first extramural burial-ground for the metropolis, was commenced in 1853, on Horse-shoe Farm in the Finchley Road, about two miles from the extreme northern boundary of the parish.

In the northern part of St. Pancras, between Kentish Town and Haverstock Hill, is Gospel Oak Field, traditionally said to be the spot where the gospel was first preached in this kingdom. The site is enclosed by a wooden railing containing the boundary-stone of St. Pancras, and the adjoining parish of St. John's, Hampstead. When Wickliffe attended the citation of St. Paul's Cathedral, he is said to have frequently preached under the Gospel Oak on this spot; at the Reformation, from under its branches were promulgated the doctrines of Protestantism; and here Whitefield preached nearly three centuries later. Some thirty years after, the tree died, and when a young tree was planted in its place, it was as often killed. However, the site was marked, and within memory it was the practice, when beating the boundary of the parish, to regale children, when the vicar attended and offered up prayer. Although the Midland Railway has cut through Gospel Oak Field, here are edifices in keeping with the ancient religious associations of the place. Here is St. Martin's, a

carefully finished specimen of the Third Pointed, or Perpendicular style; St. Andrew's, in the First Pointed, and somewhat Byzantine; a Congregational chapel, of some architectural character; and a large Roman Catholic convent. In Kentish Town was built, in 1851, a well-designed group of almshouses to accommodate 104 indigent rate-payers, who have never received parochial relief. The freehold site was purchased for £1,000, and the support is by voluntary contribution.

We get a glance at the old parish in Ben Jonson's play, "The Tale of a Tub," where the characters move about in the fields near Pancridge. A robbery is pretended to be committed "in the ways over the country," between Kentish Town and Hampstead Heath, and a warrant is granted by a "Marribone" justice. The place, too, was noted for archery, one of its magnates being Earl of Pancras.

In a field at the back of the old churchyard, Monsieur Garnerin, the famous aeronaut, alighted in safety from his parachute on September 21, 1802, after a rapid descent of rather more than ten minutes from an immense height in the air, and after he had cut the cord that attached his vehicle to the balloon in which he had just ascended from the neighbourhood of South Audley Street.

St. Pancras had formerly its mineral springs, which were much resorted to. Near the old churchyard, in the rear of a house, is the once celebrated St. Pancras Well, slightly cathartic. St. Chad's Well, in the Gray's Inn Road, has a similar property; and the Hampstead Wells and Walks were given, in 1698, to trustees for the benefit of the poor. The Hampstead water was formerly sold in flasks in London.

In St. Pancras are the termini of three of the largest railways in England: the North-Western, Euston Square; the Great Northern, at King's Cross, 45 acres; and the Midland, Euston Road. The name of King's Cross dates from George IV, when the streets were commenced building at Battle Bridge, then in ill repute, and changed to the royal designation, from a statue of King George IV, set up, and not taken down until 1842, although ridiculous as a work of art. On the north side of Euston Square, in a house in a nursery garden, Dr. Walcot, the satirist (*Peter Pindar*), ended his miserably spent life, in blindness and in sorrow.

The North-Western Railway Station, in the rear of Euston Square, has a *propyleum*, or architectural gateway, pure Grecian-Doric: its length exceeds 300 feet; its cost was £35,000; and it contains 80,000 cubic feet of Bramley Fall stone. The columns are higher than those of any other building in London, and measure 44 feet and 2 inches, and 8 feet 6 in. in diameter at the base, or only 3 feet less than that of the York Column in Waterloo Place. The height of the summit of the acroterium is 72 feet; a winding staircase in one angle leads to an apartment within the roof, used as the company's printing-office; the rich bronze gates are by Bramah. An architectural critic regards this propyleum as unprecedented in our modern Greek edifices. It exhibits itself to most advantage when viewed obliquely, so as to show its line of roof and depth, with a bold cornice, with projecting lions' heads. The paved platform within the gateway contains nearly 16,000 superficial feet of Yorkshire stone, some of the slabs being from 70 to 80 feet square. The Great Hall, designed by P. C. Hardwicke, has sculptures by John Thomas, of Britannia, supported by Science

* The "City Mission" Magazine for September, 1873, gives details of work done by that useful Society, in aid of regular ecclesiastical agencies in this huge parish.

and Industry; and eight panels of bas-relief, symbolic figures of London, Birmingham, Manchester, Chester, Northampton, Carlisle, Lancaster, and Liverpool. The hall is warmed by some miles of hot-water pipes. Here is Baily's colossal marble statue of George Stephenson, the railway engineer; it was purchased by the subscriptions of 3,150 working men, at 2s., and 178 private friends at £14 each.

The Great Northern Terminus fronts King's Cross, and has two main arches, each 71 feet span, separated by a clock-tower 120 feet high; the clock has dials 9 feet in diameter, and the principal bell weighs 28 cwt.

The Midland Terminus, completed in 1868, has the rail-level from twelve to seventeen and a half feet above that of the road and the adjoining streets. The terminus is supported upon lines of cast-iron columns (twelve inches diameter), in all about 700, on which are placed wrought-iron girders, the main running across the building, and having cross girders between them, the flooring being made of buckled plates, which connect all the girders together. The main and cross take their bearing upon the columns, and form a most excellent tie to the large arched roof, the largest single span in the world. The clear span is 240 feet, and the arch is of Gothic character. The height from the platform-level is ninety-six feet, and the total depth of the roof is 690 feet. The economy in the construction of this roof compared with other roofs of large span is very great. First, the tie is provided for it in the girders which support the flooring. Secondly, there is no wrought work in forging, turning, and screwing, fitting and fastening, but the whole is formed of riveted plate-iron work, such as is employed in ordinary bridges. Thirdly, the side walls are not required to support the weight of the roof, and are therefore made much lighter than would be necessary were the great weight of the roof borne upon the walls. Fourthly, no provision is required for expansion by temperature, the effect of expansion being a slight elevation in the crown of the roof. Thus the complication of roller-frames and adjusting bearings are avoided in this construction. We should mention that at the Old St. Pancras burial-ground the bridge which carries the railway is in three spans, and is supported on brick abutments and piers formed of cast-iron cylinders built in segments and bolted together. These cylinders are well sunk in the blue-clay, and are filled in with concrete and brickwork.

The Midland Railway Hotel, yet uncompleted, is estimated to cost £260,000.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

HIPPOPOTAMI FIGHTING.

MR. FRANK BUCKLAND, in a recent number of "Land and Water," gave an amusing description of a row which he witnessed in the hippopotamus household at the Zoo. By the kindness of Mr. Bartlett (says Mr. Buckland) I had the good fortune to be present on the occasion when the little hippopotamus, Guy Fawkes—who is now eight months old—was introduced to his disagreeable old father, Obesh, a resident in the gardens for twenty-three years. Obesh was quietly munching his breakfast of grass in the outside den, when, at a given signal, the portcullis of the mother's den was gra-

dually raised, and the two heads appeared gazing out with a most comical expression. Seeing his wife, the old man left off munching his grass, grinned a ghastly grin, and he loudly trumpeted "Umph, Umph, Umph."

Little Guy Fawkes then came forward from behind his mother, with the action and stiffness of a pointer when he has discovered a covey of birds; gradually and slowly he went up to his father, and their outstretched noses were just touching, when the old woman sounded the signal for war, and rushing past the young one, fairly challenged her lord and master to single combat. He instantly retreated a step or two, and his wife began to pretend to munch at the grass, keeping her eyes fixed spitefully upon him.

Just at this moment the sun shone out, and I was enabled to see most distinctly the remarkable phenomenon of the "blood-like sweat" of these gigantic animals when excited.

The usual pale chocolate colour of the skin of the husband and wife became densely covered with spots that looked like thin red gum, and when the male turned his head I could see that these spots were globular; they glistened like dew on a cabbage, and stood high upon the skin like blood-stained diamonds. I managed subsequently to wipe off one of these globules, and it stained my note-book quite red. After gazing at each other for about half a minute, old Dil, for that is the female's name, made a savage rush at her husband, and simultaneously both animals reared right up on their hind legs, like bulldogs fighting. They gaped wide their gigantic mouths, and bit and struck and lunged at each other savagely, while the grass fell out of their great coal-scuttle mouths on to the battle-field. The crash of their tusks coming together was truly Homeric, and reminded me of the rattle and smashing clash—only exaggerated—when the Windsor Park red-deer charge and fight with their horns. For a second or two these gigantic animals closed together and swayed to and fro like Cornish wrestlers. This scene of the hippopotami fighting was grand in the extreme, and would form a good subject for an Oxford prize poem or the pencil of Landseer. When they settled on their four legs again the old woman followed up her advantage by giving her husband a tremendous push "well hit" with her head, and while the cowardly old fellow sneaked backwards into his pond, his wife trumpeted a triumphant signal of victory from the bank. All this time little Guy kept well in rear of his mother, occasionally peeping round her sides to see the rare and extraordinary phenomenon of a husband and wife having a row. Dil then slowly, and in a Shah-like manner, walked down the steps into the water, and hunted the old man about until she drove him up into a corner; she then mounted sentry over him. The young one now climbed on to his mother's back, and gazed with filial respect, not unmingled with impudence, at his father. At the least movement on his governor's side, he sank down into the water as quiet as an otter, without making the slightest ripple or sending up a bubble of air, and shortly reappeared with his pretty little head, erect ears, and bright eyes, and looking like a gigantic frog. During his subaqueous excursion the little rascal had probably gone up to and touched his father, for the old fellow gave a sudden plunge and jump as if he had been touched up from underneath by something alive. Thus the three remained for about

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half-an-hour, grunting and staring at each other. Obesh made one attempt to get out of his corner and retreat into his den, but his artful old missis was too quick for him, cut off his retreat and drove him back. The little one, I observed, always kept the far side of his mother, in case his father should turn rusty again. In about three-quarters of an hour the row was all over, and instead of angry trumpetings, the signals gradually assumed a more amicable tone, and it was evident that the two behemoths were getting into good temper. At last the female swam nearer to her husband, and distending her great nostrils to the utmost, uttered a kind of hiss, not the least like a war cry. When the keeper heard this he said, "They are all right now, sir; they'll not fight any more. See, the old man's beginning to smile, and he has uncocked his ears, and left off staring." The faithful keeper was quite right, for all three at once became friends, and the domestic row was over.

I understand that on the previous day, when these three beauties were first put together, that little Guy Fawkes immediately went up to his governor, and cheeked him in the most insolent manner; he bristled up, grunted at him, showed his teeth, and actually challenged his father to fight. The mother then charged the old father, scratched his face, and pushed him right bang all of a lump into the water. The little one followed up directly, swam under his father's legs, and actually bit at and pulled the paternal tail. On the second occasion the youngster behaved very differently; it was quite evident that somehow or other his mother had cautioned him and given him orders to keep in the rear while she fought her old man. On this occasion Obesh was terribly alarmed, although his wife frightened more than hurt him. She so alarmed him that a new discovery was made by Mr. Bartlett. After the row was over the cowardly old Obesh changed colour. His mulatto-coloured skin got gradually whiter and whiter, and the lower part of his head and sides became of a creamy-white tint, and the poor old fellow looked "as white as a ghost." It was some hours before he came to his proper colour again. Now that this family scrimmage is over, we trust that for the future they will enjoy domestic felicity.

OCTOPUS SEIZING ITS PREY.

Mr. Henry Lee, curator of the Brighton Aquarium, writes:—Desiring to have a better view than I had previously been able to obtain of what follows the seizure of a crab by an octopus, I recently fastened one to a string, by which an attendant was to lower it in the water close to the glass, whilst I stood watching in front. The crab had hardly descended to the depth of two feet before an octopus for which it was not intended, and which I had not observed (so exactly had he assumed the hue of the surface to which he clung), shot out like a rocket from one side of the tank, opened his membranous umbrella, shut up the suspended crab within it, and darted back again to the ledge of rock on which he had been lying in ambush. There he held on, with the crab firmly pressed between his body and the stone-work. As this was not what I wished, I directed Cosham, my assistant, gently to try and pull the bait away from him. Not a bit of it! As soon as he felt the strain, he took a firm grasp of the rock with all the suckers of seven of his arms, and, stretching the eighth aloft, coiled it round the tautened line, the suckers actually

closing on the line also, as a caterpillar's foot grips a thin twig, or a cobbler's leather pad folds round his thread for a wax-end. Noticing several jerks on the string, I thought at first they were given by the man overhead, and told him not to use too much force; but he called out, "It's not me, sir, it's the octopus: I can't move him; and he's pulling so hard that, if I don't let go, he'll break the line." "Hold on, then, and let him break it," I replied. Tug, tug! dragged the tough, strong arm of the octopus; and at a third tug the line broke, and the crab was all his own. The twine was that used for mending the seine net, and was therefore not particularly weak.

Although this experiment furnished a fresh illustration of the holding power of an octopus, it had not taught me exactly that which I wanted to know. I wished to be underneath that umbrella with the crab, or (which was decidedly preferable) to be able to see what happened beneath it without getting wet. My plan, therefore, was to procure the seizure of the crab against the front glass, instead of against the rock-work. Our next endeavour was successful. A second crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn if desired, and was lowered near to the great male octopus, who generally dwells in a nook in the west front corner of the tank. He was sleepy, and not very hungry, and required a great deal of tempting to rouse him to activity; but the sight of his favourite food overcame his laziness, and, after some demonstrative panting, puffing, and erection of his tubercles, he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate-glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. Not a movement, not a struggle was visible or possible: each leg, each claw, was grasped all over by suckers—enfolded in them—stretched out to its full extent by them. The back of the carapace was covered all over with the tenacious vacuum-discs, brought together by the adaptable contraction of the limb, and ranged in close order, shoulder to shoulder, touching each other; whilst between others which dragged the abdominal plates towards the mouth the black tip of the hard, horny beak was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the centre of the radiation of the arms, and, the next, had crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the victim.

The action of an octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the scuffle as brief, and the escape of the prisoner even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, colour, and attitudes of the octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror.

Varieties.

STREET WATERING.—An estimate, founded upon private inquiry, tells us that the cost for labour in watering the streets of London averages about £135,000 per annum. This is the sum expended in the distribution of the water by horses and carts, the cost of the supply of water being additional. The principal part of the work is undertaken by a few large contractors, who employ some 1,500 horses and carts, with as

many men, for thirty weeks in the year, at an outlay of about £3 per week for each horse, cart, and man. It is contended, however, that the whole of this watering can be accomplished in a far more effectual and advantageous manner by a system of permanently-laid pipes for an expenditure of less than £3,000 per annum in labour; while the interest upon the plant necessary for the purpose would not exceed £20,000—making the total yearly cost of watering (exclusive of the water itself), only £23,000, instead of £135,000. An experiment, which has been conducted upon the drive at the eastern end of Rotten Row, Hyde Park, warrants the conclusion that, with the permanent system referred to, the services of one man would be amply sufficient for laying the dust over the whole of the drives and rides in the Park; a task which at present engages, as a rule, twenty men, with twenty horses and carts daily. Taking this area as a 75th part of the total distance in London to be watered, we arrive at the result that about seventy-five men, without any horses and carts at all, could water the whole of the metropolis, at the cost for labour above named. At Brighton the watering of about sixty miles of comparatively narrow streets and roads in the borough employs some forty men, with forty horses and carts, at an expense of £3,000 a-year. Yet, from trials made in four streets of Brighton, it is inferred that, by the permanent system, the cost for labour would be only 6d. per mile per day, or 30s. per day for the whole town; amounting to, say, £270 for thirty weeks' watering in the year. It is not surprising, then, that the Streets Committee of Commissioners of Sewers for the City of London should be investigating the feasibility of the new system, patented by Messrs. Isaac Brown and Co., of the British Rivers Irrigation Office, India Buildings, Edinburgh. The experiments on Mr. Coleman's estate at Stoke Park have shown that, with a couple of pipes laid down just below the surface level of a field in parallel lines, 48ft. apart, the space between can be wetted by jets spouting from fine perforations in the pipes with a pressure of 40lb., or, in other words, a "head" of about 90ft.; and that, with steam coals at 30s. per ton, the cost of pumping does not exceed £2 for every million gallons of water so applied.—*Times*.

EGGS PICKLED.—Messrs. De la Vergne and Hare, one of the largest egg-dealing firms in New York, give to the "Times" of that city the following recipe for pickling eggs, which they use with good success: To make a good pickle, get one bushel of clean lump lime, free from dirt and all foreign matter, four quarts of fine salt, and sixteen ten-quart pails of pure water, hard or soft, and as free from vegetable matter as possible. Slake the lime with two or three pails of the water, and dissolve the salt in a pail of it; then add the salt and the balance of the water. Stir the preparation well; let it stand a short time, and stir it again three or four times. Finally, let it settle, and dip the clear pickle into the cistern or cask you are to preserve in, filling it about half full. After this has been done, dip the eggs into the pickle with a dipper or basket made for the purpose. When the cistern or cask is nearly full of eggs, and they are well covered with pickle, spread a cotton cloth over them, and spread on that a layer of two or three inches of the thick lime that is left after the clear pickle has been dipped off. Be sure that the eggs are well covered with pickle while they remain in it, and the lower the temperature of the pickle is kept, the better the eggs will come out. The best arrangement for preserving eggs is to build a vat or cistern below the cellar-bottom, being careful to get it well-made, tight, and from six to seven feet long, five feet wide, and four or five feet deep. Eggs pickled according to the recipe given have been known to keep well for two years.

METROPOLITAN STATISTICS.—The statistics supplied to the Shah of Persia by Colonel Henderson, Chief Commissioner of Police, are worthy of record, as the growth of the metropolis is so rapidly progressive. The streets of London patrolled by the police would reach, in a straight line, from London to Teheran, and thence to Point de Galle, in Ceylon, 6,612 miles. The area of London, consisting of the Metropolitan Police district, 688½, and the City Police district, 1½, is 690 square miles. The population from the Census tables of 1871 of the Metropolitan police district is 3,810,744, and the estimated increase to this date, 1873, is 140,018; the City Police district is 74,897, affording a total population of 4,025,659. The total length of streets and roads patrolled by the Metropolitan Police is 6,612 miles, and the addition or increase in the length of streets during the past ten years is 3,623 miles. As the crow flies from London to Point de Galle the distance is 6,600 miles. Teheran is in the direct line between these two places, 2,800 miles from London, and 3,800 miles from Point de Galle. The number of inhabited houses in the Metropolitan Police District is 519,489,

in the City Police District 9,805—giving a total of 528,794. The number of omnibuses is 1,400, and of Hackney carriages 8,108. The estimated number of horses drawing public carriages, allowing two horses for each hackney carriage, and six horses for each omnibus (which is about the average number), is 25,000. The strength of the Metropolitan Police is 9,927, and of the City Police 785—giving a total of 10,712. The numbers of cattle, sheep, etc., sold last year in the Metropolitan Cattle Market were:—Oxen, 240,000; sheep and lambs, 1,525,000; calves, 30,000; pigs, 8,500—total, 1,803,500. The quantity of dead meat brought to the Metropolitan Meat and Poultry Market during the year 1872 was as follows: Country meat, 87,170 tons; town-killed and foreign, 66,875 tons—total, 154,045 tons. The town-killed meat was no doubt bought alive in the Metropolitan Cattle Market.

CRUCIFORM TEMPLE AT CALLERNISH, IN THE HEBRIDES.—This curious and remote prehistoric circle of standing stones has its avenue from the north, and its rows of standing stones towards the east, south, and west. The stones, from their dread, weird-like character, seem to have been left untouched by the many generations of islanders who have passed away. Since the ancient heathen worshippers left this "high place," a bed of peat-moss, five feet thick, only recently cleared away by the proprietor, Sir James Matheson, had grown year by year around the base of these standing stones. The only relics of the forgotten worshippers found when the peat-moss was entirely removed were two curiously built sunk altar-chambers, on the east side of the great gnomon or centre stone of a circle, having a built drain also from the same flowing towards the east. The standing stones are not hewn or dressed in any way, but are great upright blocks of gneiss, the prevailing rock from Butt of Lewis to Barra Head.—*Builder*.

ROMEWARD.—In an ecclesiastical paper a letter recently appears from a well-known clergyman, whose leanings have seemed to be towards pronounced "church views," but whose personal piety and spiritual instinct revolt from the dead formalism of the ritualistic party, "that party whose steady tendency is Romeward. For if now and then there may be a sudden sense of danger in those most advanced in the movement, while those behind cry 'Forward!' those before cry 'Back!'" After charging these Romanisers with "intent regard to the minute points, to the neglect of the weightier matter of Christ's service," the writer says: "And what are the points concerning which they would (wittingly and deliberately) set a parish by the ears? Not the evangelisation of the godless, nor the recovery of the fallen, but such matters (almost blasphemously connected with honour or dishonour to our Lord) as lights on the altar, the right to deface the sanctuary during Holy Week with the ghastly taste of a modern funeral, trine ablutions, coloured stoles, and other follies."

SMALLPOX AND VACCINATION.—Statistics prove that during the last century one-tenth of the population died of this direful disease, and one-tenth more were disfigured by its effects. In Europe alone 400,000 died annually. In Germany, out of every 1,000 deaths before vaccination was used, 66 were from smallpox; but since the introduction of vaccination the number of deaths from smallpox has only been 7 in 1,000. In Malta, from 1818 to 1838 inclusive, the aggregate number of the British troops stationed in that island being 40,826, and the total mortality 665, only two deaths from smallpox occurred among the soldiers; during this period Malta was visited by two very severe epidemics of smallpox, in 1830, and again in 1838, destroying 1,169 of the native population who had not been vaccinated. The mortality from smallpox in Copenhagen (as shown in Mr. Simon's Blue-book on this question) is only an eleventh part of what it was before the introduction of vaccination; in Sweden it is but a little over a thirteenth; in Berlin, as well as in Austria, only a twentieth; while in Westphalia the fatality resulting from smallpox is only a twenty-fifth of what it was when vaccination was not practised. From an unbiased consideration of this and kindred evidence, it is impossible to derive any other inference than that which has been so pithily stated by Dr. Alison, "that he who disputes it is equally unreasonable as he who opposes in like manner any proposition in Euclid."

POTATOES.—Mr. James Knox, of the Kingswood Reformatory, near Bristol, reports:—"Last autumn I had seventy-two sacks of potatoes; these I collected in a heap, sprinkling each layer freely with lime, covering the whole with mould and a thatched roof. The consequence was I had not a hundred bad potatoes, and we found that the action of the moisture of a bad potato on the lime was that a shell was formed round it, similar to an eggshell, and contagion avoided."

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